

GIVING IS BLESSED IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO GIVE



Routes of the Passing Show---By Hanlon

HEARD AND SEEN : A Column FOR and FROM Everybody : By BILL PRICE

A G. O. C. SONG.

A contrib recently called for a song that fits the Old Column, and JOE CONKLIN has written one you'll all like. What we need now is for some musician to put it to snappy music, and then we'll have a Column Song. Who is going to supply the music? Conklin's song is entitled:

THE HOUSE OF THE OPEN DOOR.

I. If you want to mix with a lively crowd Of jolly, friendly folks, Not afraid to smile and not too proud For bantering and jokes, You need not sail across a stormy sea. And seek a foreign shore— They're here at home in the G. O. C. House of the Open Door!

CHORUS.

Oh! G. O. C. is a house of mirth— A house with an open door, Above it shines bright "welcome" signs For all the folks of earth, With a happy face and a smile to grace The House of the Open Door!

II.

Oh, no need is there for a latch-string here— A knocker's out of date, No burglar bells are there to fear, There is no garden gate. If you want to enter just wait right up. You have to pay no score; You don't have to coax watch dog or pup To gain the open door.

III.

In this house there's room for every one Who shows the entrance fee— Not a bit of gold, but a bit of fun, Admits to G. O. C. If you have a grudge just tie it out-side.

Never be grouchy more, For a grudge, be sure, they all de-ride Within its open door!

IV.

Oh, music is heard and a loving cup Is nightly passed around, When the gang's all here and Bill shows up And happy shouts resound. Or if you would mix with a care-free band Why, then—don't mix with it. The G. O. C. and its friendly hand Inside the open door!

THE LONE DOG.

I received this from a lone ranchman in Texas, and it might be good for the Old Column:

G. B. S. I'm a mean dog, a lean dog, a stray dog, but I'm free; I'm a mean dog, a strange dog a-buntin' o'er the sea. I'm a bad dog, a glad dog, and I keep good folks from sleep By baying at the pale young moon or chasing silly sheep.

I'll never be a meat dog, a meat dog; for me it's a bone; No show dog, no slow dog, for I like to live alone; Not for me like other dogs; I want no well-filled plate. For dainty food and dainty ways are things that I just hate.

I'm a lead dog, a crowd dog and I know the ways of right; I'm a trail dog, but not a trail dog, and I like a hefty fight. Not for me like other dogs; that wag and cringe and whine; I'm a blue dog, a true dog and I always buck the line.

Not for me like other dogs that run a little while— Some will run a furlong and some will run a mile. But let me have a lone trail that leads out toward the West, Where wild winds and wild stars will guide me in the quest.

TELL IT TO OLD MAIDS.

Is a chow dog and so precious? Listen: They don't know how to bite; just nibble puppy biscuits; never will graduate to dog biscuits; might be good for penwipers. MILO H.

WEALTH DOES NOT MAKE MEN HUMBLE, BILL.

A thoughtful man declares: You'll find the heir to millions, will Put on a million airs. OIDONO.

MY OWN DISARMAMENT IDEAS.

Attention, vanderville actors—In the name of humanity and brotherly love, I beseech you to scrap that slithering line, "Now-w-ye-ou got me m-me talking that way, too." PAUL WHITE.

PRETTY GOOD DOPE.

Wiggle your ears for a good old grin, And smile twenty times a day. Tickle the rib that makes a laugh And chase the blues away. The devil likes the wrinkled brow, That's where he gets his work in. So beat him to it with smiles And let him stay in his den of sin. MILO H.

Autoist (to man he knocked down)— Really, I didn't mean to hit you. Pedestrian—Aw, g'wan. What'cha got that bumper on yer car for? JOE CARANZA.

WHO REMEMBERS—

The bicycle races at Iowa Circle? The circus and baseball grounds at Ninth and S streets northwest.

The Palala Royal at Twelfth and Pennsylvania, avenue northwest? The "Boston Store" on Pennsylvania, avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets northwest?

W. B. Moses & Sons at Seventh and Market Space northwest? Saks & Co. on Seventh between Market Space and D streets northwest?

"Boston Variety Store" on Market Space between Seventh and Eighth streets northwest? Johnson & Luttrell on Market Space between Seventh and Eighth streets northwest?

E. G. Davis, on the corner of Eighth and Market Space northwest? The Globe Theater and "Big Wiltie" therein on Pennsylvania, Avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth streets?

Thomas Dowling and the "Star" office on the southwest corner of Eleventh and Pennsylvania, avenue? The 8-cent street car that used to run from Peace Monument to a point on Pennsylvania, avenue between Eleventh and Nineteenth streets northwest?

The bicycle school at the corner of Fourteenth and New York avenue northwest? The bicycle school on "E" street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets northwest?

The first daily lunch as operated by Frank Ward on Fifteenth street between Pennsylvania, avenue and F streets northwest? The "Bill" horses" on Fifteenth street and Capitol Hill?

When fortunes (?) were made selling chips from the cap stones (?) of the Washington Monument? W. M. JOHNSON.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

Hobo Jim—I was tinkin' o' takin' 'er Christmas trip, but them Murreen guys won't let er feller travel reg'lar, no more, 'n I ain't got the price up a upper deck 'n jest natch-erly won't borry it.

Hobo Tom—I should say you couldn't. If I tought you'd come down to dat, I'd lend yee de money myself, in a minit, if I had it. EAVESDROPPER.

MAIL PILLAGERS, BEWARE.

They may flick from Uncle Sam. Large amounts, by robbing the mail. But, be, there'll be a grand old slam. They'll get each rubber ball and tooth. If they leave it to General Lejeune, Mr. Hays says the same story: "Shoot to kill, no one's immune." G. A. MURRAY.

WHO REMEMBERS? : : : : : By Dick Mansfield



A NEW COMEDY STAR.

SAY, BILL PRICE:

Whats the matter with mi stuff. Aint it no good. I cent yu in sum pretty good comedie thu pass kuple muntins. Where i kum from thay think im az funis az kums an i mak evrebody laff with mi kuttens up. Seams two me yu dont no good reel humor wen yu read it. Sum big publishin howses wood give lots of doh to get me on thare staf. Why—im laffin now at this stuff. Dont yu feel like burstin with hilarities now. When yure other writers quit yu no thay muss have seen mi work. Tell them not two bee dispondent nor gelus—I'll tri an not be two funis when yu put this in yure kolum. Besides, it mite promote the sell of the paper two sutch a extant that all thu nooseboys will call be carrier Times. If i thot i was givin two bekus famus (not bred) id order mi ford now. How much do grate riters get, Bill? or is thare celeries like the big movie stars—yu no what i mean. Im not lettin anybody read this as i rite for fear thayd laff so hard thayd interfere with my spellin or komposition. M. TILTON.

OUR CRITICS.

Regarding the criticism of the column it would be well to remember that some criticism is inevitable. When Ben Franklin published his almanac, a book that is still widely read and which was translated in at least ten foreign languages, it had many critics.

One of Franklin's contemporaries called him a "flar and a fool." Of this critic nothing is remembered. His sole bid to fame is the fact that he was foolish enough to criticize Franklin.

No matter how good the column may be there will always be those to condemn it. Happily they are outnumbered a million to one. F. W.

WHAT WORDS CONTAIN.

IMMEDIATELY—I met my Della. MATRIMONY—Into my arm. SWEETHEART—There we sat. LATELY—Sly wars. PUNISHMENT—Nim thumps. H. SMITH.

WHEN HE MARRIES.

The line must form to the right, and no responsibility will be assumed for anyone crushed or killed in the rush. The lady, in personal appearance, must be a combination of WANDA HAWLEY, LOIS WILSON and BEBE DANIELS, and have the wealth of JOHN D. A well-stocked cellar will also be a determining factor. PAUL WHITE.

PROGRESSIONAL.

Say not that peace can never be. The want of faith foredooms defeat. Nor falter with a musty plan Which worldlings mimic and repeat. Look back along life's crimson trail And note the woeful sacrifice Of warring hosts to no avail, Save a brief fruitless armistice.

Then answer with a righteous pride The question whether warfare is And draw on ruthless rules and lies. A thousandfold in better ways.

Be not a laggard in the cause That makes for universal gain. And hail the joy of peace entered In bosoms of humanity.

GEORGE SANDS JOHNSON

SOME "DONT'S."

Say "country style bacon," "fat back," "Birkmark," not "wart." "Chicken," not "hen." "Foe," not "tip." "Gains," not "profits." "Account rendered," not "Bill." FRED VETTER.

SPORTSMANSHIP.

Play the game, but play it fairly. Fight to win, but meet men squarely. Tackle hard and hit the line— Do your best, but don't you whine.

Play to win, but every inning Keep in mind there's more in win-ning. Victory's sweet, but, good or ill, An honest name is sweeter still.

Reach your goal by hard endeavor, But by trick or cunning, never; Win or lose, though bruised and lamed, Let night find you unshamed. A. STREET JOE.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Absolutely no checks cashed." "Watch your hat and coat." "Leave all valuables in the office." (Before retiring.) "All rooms must be paid for strictly in advance." "Lock your door at night and when you go out." "No accounts opened whatever." "Board must be paid for in advance—no exceptions." DEWEY L. SUIT.